

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 25.

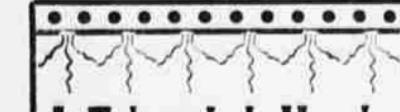
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## A Triumphal March.

### THE STRIDES OF A YEAR.

March '91 and '92 Compared.

#### PAPERS PRINTED.

Average Number of Worlds  
Printed During March,  
1891..... 312,570

Average Number of Worlds  
Printed During March,  
1892..... 390,269

Gain Per Day in Average  
Number of Papers Printed  
77,699

#### ADVERTISING.

Total Number of Advertisements Printed in March,  
1891..... 71,922

Total Number of Advertisements Printed in March,  
1892..... 83,460

Gain in Advertising..... 11,538

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The public got the drop on Bonnow and Fox. That is why we laugh so loud.

Anybody who gets a drink yesterday got it and relished it, besides paying for it, that's all.

Yes, it was again a dry Sunday in New York, and the wet season at Coney Island opened promisingly.

SOLOMON in all his glory was not afraid such as Capt. McLoughlin made in the Tenderloin Free-net Saturday night.

The effect of climate on marksmanship makes dueling on the other side safe, even when expert-shooting talent is concerned.

If the "field of honor" has any real friends left around satisfaction in its behalf should be demanded of Bonnow and Fox.

BONNIE first brought CAPRIVI out according to a Berlin newspaper. Circumstances and the Kaiser are now crowding him out.

WARDEN THAYER, of Dannemora, had better be careful of strangers who shake hands with him in the streets. Mr. O'Brien, esp., may be around, you know.

CONEY ISLAND put on its seersucker clothes and opened the Summer season yesterday. It's the same old amputated Coney, only "Courrades" is not so malignant as last year.

The Chicagoan who sold corner lots with several fathoms of Lake Michigan water surging over them has been sent to prison. Chicago is doing its most enterprising citizens rapidly.

Supt. POLKES believes the late New York State census has been shamefully padded. He is not an attorney on this matter. His strong point is in knocking the stuffing out of the population.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is getting himself disliked by the Germans in Samoa, who accuse him of seeking to undermine their influence. The gentlemen who feel themselves thus offended are likely to monopolize all the worry there is in the world.

The barter who walked to Coney Island in less than two hours yes end made \$1,000 by the feet. Men walk from there in the Summer season who have nothing but their feet left when they reach this end of the bridge.

Chinese "Toms," judging from the details of the recent suppression of the rebels, carry no sentiment into warfare. Women and children and peasants in the fields were mowed down by the repeating rifles of the regulars; quiet homes were

ravaged and desolation left in the track of the army. Some soldiers would have felt that part of their mission was to preserve the country.

#### LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

The proposed North River Railroad Bridge, to connect New York and New Jersey, is exciting quite a commotion at Washington. A bill authorizing its construction is before the Senate Committee on Commerce. It is stoutly opposed by Mayor GRANT and stoutly advocated by Senator HILL.

Major GRANT sends a protest to the Senate Committee, similar to one previously sent to the House, in which he declares that the people of New York do not want the bridge and that there is no public sentiment in favor of the project.

Senator HILL, on the other hand, contends that the people do want the bridge for several good reasons, one being that they desire to be brought by the railroads to the center of the city instead of landing at its outskirts.

On the issue as to public sentiment the Senator seems to have the best of the argument, because the State Legislature has already passed a bill providing for such a bridge, and Senator HILL, as Governor of the State, approved it. But the assertion that the people want all the railroads running to New York to be "brought to the center of the city" is of very doubtful authenticity. If the Jersey bridge and the railroads that use it are to be allowed to close streets, to bridge them over and to blockade them with long trains of freight cars the people would certainly have very serious objections and rise up in rebellion against the proposal. They have already suffered too much in loss of property and peril to life and limb from the privileges unwisely granted to the Vanderbilt roads at the Grand Central Depot and on the west side, to be willing to repeat the unfortunate experiment. If the public voice could be heard it would probably favor compelling all trunk railroad lines to stop at the city limits.

Why not put the question of bridging the North River to the test of a popular vote?

#### THE DUELLO AND THE PULPIT.

Vice is going to the wall rapidly. Dr. PARKHURST has it by the throat. Dr. DA COSTA has hold of one leg, and other refining and subtle influences are attached to its controls, so that it stands a very poor chance of winning a fall in the tussle. When they get through with their present engagement there is another nice little job awaiting them. The duello is the ramping and dominating evil now in this wicked world. It wants to be looked after, and, if possible, put down.

Of course the only effective treatment of the evil is the object lesson. On the ground that nobody could believe in the existence of a vice without seeing it, no body can know anything about the duello and the searching quality of the misery that it brings by it, unless one has been a witness of or a second in a duel or has bravely exposed his person to stray shots on the field of honor.

This Bonnow-Fox affair has given the duello a fresh boom, and nobody knows where the vindicating business is going to end, there is so much of it in the air, not to mention what is lying around loose on the ground. It is not bad to be keeper of the book at once put under arrest? Were not the circumstances attending the escape such as to warrant the suspicion of connivance on the part of the officer? Why is it that everybody who ought to be anxious for O'BRIEN's recuperation is calm and indifferent and proclaims in advance that he will never be tracked and arrested? Are we to be forced to the unpleasant conclusion that political "puff" are powerful enough not only to pierce hole indictments but to release convicts after they have been sentenced and locked up in prison cells?

Justice will hide her face in shame until O'BRIEN is once more safe behind the iron bars of a jail and the careless jailor will set his coat-tails to their cigarettes, let them proceed to make shooting galleries of each other and say button-holes in one another's coat-tails with their bullets—if they can.

How? you ask. Easy enough. Let them challenge each other, and in the pearl gray tints of the morning, with their shade-bellied coats buttoned high under their chin whiskers, lie to the Bons de Gouanous or the Champs de Jersie and, after measuring off as many paces as they like—the more, perhaps, the harder and setting fire to their cigarettes, let them proceed to make shooting galleries of each other and say button-holes in one another's coat-tails with their bullets—if they can.

Then they can come home and preach sermons on the wickedness of duelling, and they will know what they are talking about. They can likewise work up the police end of the case more effectively and cause all the professional duellists in and around New York to quake in their boots. This is their next great chance. Down with the duello! Up with Drs. PARKHURST and DA COSTA!

Anybody who gets a drink yesterday got it and relished it, besides paying for it, that's all.

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Gen. HORACE PORTER's last appeal

should draw forth a prompt, generous and fully sufficient response. For its own honor, New York ought to supply the entire deficiency at once, before the ceremonies of next Wednesday close.

#### PIFF, PIFF, PIFF.

"London laughs" is the cable report that comes across the ocean in connection with the bloodless "duel" between HALLIBURTON BONNOM and EDWARD FOX. New York joins in the Cockney merriment, but at the same time feels mortified that Americans should have been actors in the ridiculous opera bouffe performance at Newport Beach.

The conviction is general that the fight was a fake. The affair wore an Offenbachian air from beginning to end. There was a "piff, paff, poff" flavor about it which nobody could mistake.

"Le Triomphant" was recognizable in the London cabaret sent by Bonnoma to Fox.

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